

He marke no words that smooth fac'd wooers say.

Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:

Then if I haue much loue, He giue you some.

Dum. He serue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, leaft ye be forsworne agen.

Lon. What saies *Maria*?

Mari. At the tweluemonths end,

He change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. He stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong.

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistrisse, looke on me,

Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:

What humble suite attends thy answer there,

Impose some seruice on me for my loue.

Ref. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,

Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue

Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,

Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:

Which you on all estates will execute,

That lie within the mercie of your wit.

To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,

And therewithall to win me, if you please,

Without the which I am not to be won:

You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,

Viste the speechlesse sicke, and still conuerse

With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?

It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

Ref. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:

A iests prosperitie, lies in the care

Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then, if sickly cares,

Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,

Will heare your idle scornes, continue then,

And I will haue you, and that fault withall.

But if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shal finde you emptie of that fault.

Right ioyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,

He iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leave.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our woiing doth not end like an old Play:

Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie

Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.

Kim. Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,

And then 'twil end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maicstly vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I wil kisse thy roial finger, and take leaue,

I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Laguetta* to holde the

Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most effect-
med greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two
Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and
the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our
shew.

Kim. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle.

Th' other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,

And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:

And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,

Do paint the Medowes with delight.

The Cuckow then on euerie tree,

Mockes married men, for thus sings he,

Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,

Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,

And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:

When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,

And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:

The Cuckow then on euerie tree

Mockes married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,

Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Icicles hang by the wall,

And Dicke the Sphepherd blowes his naile;

And Tom beares Logges into the hall,

And Milke comes frozen home in pail:

When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,

Then nightly sings the staring Owle

Tu-whit to-who.

A merrie note,

While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,

And coffin drownes the Parsons faw:

And birds sit brooding in the snow,

And Marrians nose looks red and raw:

When roasted Crabs bisse in the bowle,

Then nightly sings the staring Owle,

Tu-whit to who:

A merrie note,

While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,

Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:

You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMM Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre

Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in

Another Moon: but oh, me thinks, how slow

This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires

Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,

Long withering out a yong mans reuennue.

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly sleepe theselues in nights

Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:

And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,

Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night

Of our solemnities.

The. Go *Philoftrate*,

Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,

Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:

The pale companion is not for our pompe,

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,

And wonne thee loue, doing thee iniuries:

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,

and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*, and these

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:

Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her times,

And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:

Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,

With fainting voice, verses of fainting loue,

And stolne the impression of her fantasie,

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,

Knackes, trifles, Nois-gaies, sweet meates (messengers

Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)

With cunning hast thou

Turn'd her obedience (w

To stubborn haribnesse.

Be it so she will not heere

Consent to marrie with *Lysander*,

I beg the ancient priuiledg

As she is mine, I may disp

Which shall be either to

Or to her death, accordin

Immediately provided i

The. What say you *H*

To you your Father shou

One that compos'd your

To whom you are but as

By him imprinted: and w

To leaue the figure, or di

Demetrius is a worthy G

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himselfe he is

But in this kinde, wanti

The other must be held

Her. I would my fat

The. Rather your eies.

Her. I do entreat you

I know not by what pow

Nor how it may concern

In such a presence heere

But I beseech your Grace

The worst that may befall

If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dye the

For euer the society of m

Therefore faite *Hermia*,

Know of your youth, es

Whether (if you yeeld n

You can endure the liues

For aye to be in shady C

To liue a barren sister all

Chanting faint hymnes to

Thrice blessed they that

To vndergo such maiden

But earthlier happie is th

Then that which wither

Growes, liues, and dies,